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they produce such strange objects as have lately been paraded before us in the guise of painting and sculpture.

Mr. Manship's work is characterized by a perfection of craftsmanship. He lingers over his work with a loving hand, as did the designers of the coinage of ancient Greece, the makers of Limoges enamel and engraved crystal, as did Cellini when working with gold and enamel, as did the medalists of the Italian Renaissance. With a wealth of detail and a finish as exquisite as attained by the French eighteenth-century maker of snuff-boxes, Mr. Manship's creations at the same time possess great simplicity and a perfect *ensemble*. A. E. GALLATIN.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS month I have written for you a little story about a lovely piece of Greek sculpture, a marble relief of a young horseman, that is shown in the large central hall of the Museum. Originally there were two men on horseback riding one behind the other, but the stone has been broken and only one horseman remains. After you have read the story, I hope you will want to look at this Greek horseman sitting so erect on his fine horse, and also to do a little hunting for some other things of which I will now tell you.

Go through the gallery past the stairway out into a large hall where there are models of buildings. Here you will find a model of a famous Greek temple, the Parthenon, which stood on a high hill in Athens. If you will look sharp, you will see a frieze around the top of the building inside of the columns. This represents the procession of the Panathenaea. In the model you can observe the place of the frieze, but each figure is small. Next walk straight through the next gallery to the north, which is filled with statues, and then turn to your left. On the walls of this room you will find casts of a part of this same frieze, of the same size as in the Parthenon itself. If you want to look at something else connected with the Panathenaic festival, return through the large hall and keep on toward the south

nearly to a doorway opening into the park and then go into a room to the left that is filled with Greek vases, big and little. Hunt until you find a case with some large vases and one very tiny one that are labeled Panathenaic vases. You notice that a horse race or a foot race or some athletic contest is shown on one side, for these were the prizes given to the winners of the races at the Panathenaic festival.

When you have finished this little Museum trip, you may like to sit down at home and write me about it. Address Miss Winifred E. Howe, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

AN ATHENIAN HORSEMAN

IN the far-away days, nearly three hundred years before Christ, a group of Greek youths sat on the yellow sands of a beautiful island in the deep blue Aegean Sea, with the foaming waves breaking just beyond. With wide-eyed interest they were listening to the stories of an old man, evidently their hero. Lysias—for this was his name—with his muscular frame, snow-white hair and beard, and deep-set, earnest eyes, was indeed a figure to stir boyish admiration, and such wonderful tales as he told!

This morning—August 28 of the year 270 before Christ—he was telling again a story the boys had often heard before, but for which they frequently clamored, the story of a small marble relief that any one might see in the market place of the town. It represented two horsemen, Lysias himself and his friend Euandros, and had been set up by them many years earlier, in gratitude to their gods—to Castor and Pollux perhaps, the twin gods famed for horsemanship—for giving them victory in the horse races of a great Athenian festival.

"Fifty years ago today," began Lysias, "was the eighth day of the great Athenian festival, held in honor of our patron goddess, the virgin Athena. The day was her birthday. I was a young man then and entered with the keenest joy into the happenings of each of the days of the feast. With my good friend Euandros I listened to musical contests—singing and playing on

the lyre and the flute; I heard a recitation of Homer's swelling words that made the Trojan heroes live for me; I witnessed trials of physical prowess and athletic games—running and leaping and boxing and throwing the discus—I watched the giving of prizes, crowns of olive leaves from Athena's sacred tree or vases decorated with pictures of the contests themselves and filled with oil from the groves of olives.

also they were in the victorious four that easily outdistanced all the others. A proud day it was indeed for us and for our gallant steeds.

"The next day, too, was one of triumph; for when we young men, according to height and personal appearance, were chosen to ride in the great procession, Euandros was selected first and I came second. Then it was we vowed to set up a marble slab on



YOUNG HORSEMAN, GREEK
FOURTH CENTURY B. C.

"In all these I was but a spectator, but each event brought nearer the hour when Euandros and I should enter into different trials in horsemanship with our good steeds, so well trained and carefully groomed, now champing for the race, as eager as we. For this hour we had planned and worked for many months, and well were we rewarded. In each heat the cry was 'Euandros! Ho, Euandros!' or 'Lysias! Ho, Lysias!' until the echoes rang. 'Twas nip and tuck which horse would, win, but always it was one or the other; no third horse had a chance. In the chariot race

which throughout the years we should be riding happily and proudly with erect carriage and easy seat upon our mettlesome steeds.

"On the morrow, the Sun God, Helios, favored our petitions and gave us a day of brilliant sunshine. Early in the morning all Athens was astir; from every house men and women, youths and maidens, all in their best attire, came thronging, while horsemen dashed clattering through the streets. Outside the Ceramicus, the potters' ward, the marshals chosen at the last Panathenaea—for so we call our greatest

festival—directed all the people into the right order of procession, and slowly and majestically the line wound through the market place and up the hill of the Acropolis to the shrine of the goddess Athena. For all this stately procession was in her honor; its purpose was to place upon her statue of wood the richly embroidered saffron-colored peplos or mantle wrought by the loving hands of maidens of noble birth. These had been selected for the task the year before, and had lived on the Acropolis under the charge of a priestess of Athena during all this time, working scenes from the battle of the Gods and the Giants upon the peplos.

"I can see the procession now, headed by a group of Athenian maidens of noble birth, carrying for the sacrifice vessels of gold and silver that gleam in the brilliant Attic sunlight. Here come youths leading cows, often restless and hard to control, or sheep, gentler and easy to guide, both intended for the sacrifice. Following them are other women carrying on their heads with rare grace stools or trays filled with sacrificial cakes. Next I can discern the musicians playing upon the flute or the lyre songs in honor of Athena, and after them the old men in their long white robes, carrying olive branches and walking with slow, measured step. In great contrast appear the chariots, each drawn by four restive horses and carrying two men, the charioteer

and the warrior armed for battle. Some of the men bear scars of actual conflict; others are yet untried before a foe. Around me are the other horsemen, all in bright armor with plumes nodding and wearing mantles of rich colors. None are happier than we; the rhythmic beats of our horses' hoofs make music in our ears, and the beautiful arch of their necks as we rein in their impetuous haste delights our eyes.

"The procession arriving at the temple, forth from the shrine come the priestesses, receive the mantle, carefully folded, and clothe the wooden statue of the goddess in it, a more gorgeous robe than ever before, while a mighty column of smoke arises from the sacrifice of a hundred oxen, and is wafted as a satisfying savor to the goddess Athena. With the coming of darkness, the priestesses begin to chant their hymns in honor of the goddess:

"Chant thanksgiving for Athena's birth,

Chant her praises in the field of war,

Chant her bounty to life-giving earth,

Renowned, victorious, worshipped
near and far."

The voice of the old man died away in this chant and he was lost in thought. His listeners, though only boys, respected his dreaming mood and walked away toward the market place, there to view again the marble slab with its fiery steeds and noble riders.

W. E. H.